MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

BY AARON ALLWORTHY & Co.

"NULLIUS ADDICTUS JURARE IN VERBA MAGISTRI."

No. 14.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1805. [Vol. 1.

BIOGRAPHY.

Anecdotes of the Right Honorable CHARLES JAMES FOX.

[Continued.]

Amidst all that extravagance of scandal and obloquy to which the political principles and virtues of this great statesman have constantly subjected him, it is singular enough that no part of his conduct has yet transpired, which, by any means, can be wrought up into any thing like a libel on his commerce with the sex. Not that a mind, so exquisitely formed and ardent in the pursuit of pleasure, can be altogether destitute of a passion which has been generally most predominant in the sublimest characters. All-provident nature, ever attentive to her own preservation, hath happily and uniformly impregnated the most accomplished of her offspring with the largest share of this generous and liberal impulse. The selfish, the prudish, the austere, and the dull, are commonly proof against the excesses of almost every desire which in the least interferes with any of those little grovelling pursuits to which they are most addicted. They mistake apathy for the virtue of continence, frigidity for chastity, the fastidious punctilios of pride for the laudable resolutions of principle; and blighted by nature or benumbed by art, in the room of the finest, substitute the most sordid attachment. It is chiefly in those of warm constitutions, an open temper, and strong feelings, that the ardent irregularities of the amorous passion prevail. These have frequently softened the fiercest and bended the most stubborn natures. Commanders of armies and empires, the gravest philosopher that ever absorbed his mind in abstraction, and the sternest tyrant that ever wielded the sceptre of oppression, have felt and acknowledged their enervating influence. History is replete with characters, otherwise the most unexceptionable and illustrious, to whom the inquietudes of love were familiar, and who have meanly expired on its altar. Mr. Fox was never known, at least, to indulge this interesting and delicate weakness to excess. It forms none of those prominent outlines which discriminate and ascertain the principal distinctions of his character. His great, enlightened and powerful faculties are occupied and engrossed by objects more worthy the genius of a social and active being, and better adapted to the exercise of a rational and philosophical capacity. To suppose him, however, in all cases, equally and inexorably callous to the charms of beauty, were an insult to the well known susceptibilities of his heart. And it is with the most exquisite justness and delicacy, both of thought and expression, that, in the following verses to Mrs. Crew, he describes the state of his own mind, while gazing on female excellence, enriched with all the graces of nature, and adorned in all the elegant embellishments of fashion.

Where the loveliest expression to features is join'd,
By nature's most delicate pencil design'd;
Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,
Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in the heart,
Where, in manners enchanting, no blemish we trace,
But the soul keeps the promise we had from the face;
Sure, philosophy, reason, coldness must prove
Defences unequal to shield us from love:
Then tell me, my ...lous inchanter, O tell,
By what wonderful art, by what magical spell,
My heart is so fenc'd, that for once I am wise,
And gaze without rapture on Amoret's eyes;
That my wishes, which never were bounded before,
Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no more.
Is't reason? No; that my whole life will belie,
For who so at variance as reason and I?
Is't ambition that fills up each chink of my heart,
Nor allows any softer sensation a part?
Oh, no! for in this all the world must agree,
One folly was never sufficient for me.
Is my mind on distress too intensely employ'd,
Or by pleasure relax'd, by variety cloy'd?
For, alike in this only, enjoyment and pain,
Both slacken those springs of the nerves which they strain.
That I've felt each reverse that from fortune can flow,
That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest know,
Has still been the whimsical fate of my life,
Where anguish and joy have been ever at strife.
But, tho' vers'd in th' extremes both of pleasure & pain,
I am still but too ready to feel them again:
If, then, for this once in my life I am free,
And escape from a snare might catch wiser than me,
'Tis, that beauty alone but imperfectly charms,
For, tho' brightness may dazzle, 'tis kindness that warms.
As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,
But feel not their warmth, tho' their splendor we praise,
So beauty our just admiration may claim,
But love, and love only, our hearts can inflame.

Most of those slanderous productions which have originated in the miscarriages and imbecilities of Mr. Fox, are equally replete with the grossest ribaldry and the most wanton imputations. And whoever searches for the least vestiges of truth, in compositions thus avowedly prostituted to the venal purposes of faction and falsehood, must be disappointed. It is a circumstance which eminently marks that singular species of abuse which has uniformly attended every stage of Mr. Fox's political progress, that he has been generally loaded with levities and improprieties in which he had no share, while those, perhaps, in which he had the greatest, and were least excusable, have been hitherto overlooked, or remained unknown. Even satire seems to have abandoned all her usual spirit and delicacy in that transient and hungry swarm of barbarous buffoons, who have occasionally presumed to lampoon him. Few, indeed, of his most sanguine and zealous adherents have any objection to see his notorious and acknowledged foibles exposed to that innocent risibility,* which nature, in most cases, has ordained the unavoidable chastisement of human weakness; but they deem themselves entitled to regard, with much indignant contempt, every effort to censure or criminate him for such peccadillos only as are no more than laughable in others; yet, how frequently are these gravely advanced as grounds of serious condemnation in performances chiefly remarkable for asperity without elegance or wit, sarcasm without point, declamation without energy, and anecdote without reality? But why is not this little tribe of libellers, who, like all the grub fraternity, do most of their petty mischief by nibbling under ground, aware that the good people of England will certainly excuse the failures of Mr. Fox, and even discredit the many monstrous and improbable fictions which are feigned against him, and circulated with so much design, but happily without proof or effect, while he generously adheres to their rights, and challenges, by every action of his life, their fullest confidence and approbation?

One would think it incumbent on such as seem most eager and forward in criminating Mr. Fox, for thus sporting with his fortune, to point out the particular mischievous consequences of his misconduct. It is not very likely they will regard his own personal sufferings with much regret? These he certainly brought on himself. Such is the punishment of his folly, and, however severe it may

—

*The editor of the *Man of the Moon* has set a dangerous example of this freedom to inferior writers, who, without any of that genuine humor which renders his severest sarcasms so exquisitely palatable, will probably have the audacity to copy only the harshness of his strictures.

have been, they probably think it richly merited. But what other or more general inconvenience has this obnoxious attachment to vice, so prevalent and common among the higher orders of society, occasioned? It has undoubtedly exhausted much of his time, dissipated his patrimony, and subjected him, in his several pecuniary negociations, to acquiesce with the criminal extortion of usury and avarice.—But has it not also improved his talents for expedient, acquainted him with the resources of his own mind, and ultimately taught him that the only substantial and permanent dependence of a rational being is not personal property, but personal worth?

[To be continued.]

FOR THE MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

THE COLLECTANEA....No. 9.

—

CATO, in an hour of despair, put an end to his life, because Cæsar had destroyed the liberties of Rome. Cicero, who makes such a conspicuous figure in the history of Rome, possessed somewhat more of the properties of the willow than Cato; he praised liberty, but flattered the subverters of it. The following parallel of these two characters is somewhat striking:

With Cicero virtue was but a secondary motive; as glory was with Cato. Cicero was always first in his own eyes; Cato never thought of himself. The one would have saved the republic for its own sake; the other, that he might have boasted of it. *Montesquieu.*

—

Similis, captain of the Prætorian guards under emperor Adrian, retired from court to prevent a worse fate than that of being dismissed. After a peaceful retirement of seven years in the country, he on his death bed composed the following epitaph for his monument—"*Here lies Similis, who passed seventy-six years in the world, and lived only seven.*

"When meanness and prejudice guide the pen, what will it not be guilty of?"

"How prone are we to fall into error when we consider objects *only in one point of view!*"

—

It has been a practice, when the exit and character of favorite partizans are noticed, for their eulogists to assign them a place in heaven; and we recollect that an administration paper some time since pronounced, pretty plumply, that the noted Callender was gone to the abodes of misery. These different sentences were both passed upon the Emperor Justinian.—"A patriarch of Constantinople canonized him six hundred years after his decease; yet Evagalus, a cotemporary historian, says, that *after he had filled the empire with confusion and disorders, he went to receive his punishment in hell.* But neither the historian nor the patriarch were proper judges of his state in the other world. *Millot.*

—

The following observations on the condition of certain powers in Europe, some fifty or sixty years since, were written by Dr. Goldsmith. We think the perusal of them may be gratifying to those who are curious to know what were then thought to be the signs of the times.

"THE GERMAN EMPIRE,

"That remnant of the majesty of ancient Rome, appears on the eve of dissolution. The members of its vast body want every tie of government to unite them, and seem feebly held together only by their respect of an ancient institution. The very name of country and countrymen, which in other countries make one of the strongest ties of government, has been here for some time laid aside; each of its inhabitants seeming more proud of being called from the petty state that gives them birth, than by the more well known title of German."

FRANCE.

"The French are imperceptibly vindicating themselves into freedom. If they have but three weak monarchs more, successively on the throne, the mask will be laid aside, and the country will certainly once more be free."

In regard to France it is to be regretted that their tree of liberty blossomed too early—that is, before the season of light and information were sufficiently advanced;—so that the whole expected crop perished in the bud.

THE DUTCH,

"No longer the sons of freedom, but of avarice; no longer asserters of their rights by courage, but by negociations; fawning on those who insult them, and crouching under the rod of every neighboring power. Without a friend to save them in distress, and without virtue to save themseves; their government is poor and their private wealth will serve but to invite some neighboring invader."

RUSSIA,

"Possessed of unbounded extent of dominion—must every day become more powerful. It is probable that we shall hear Russia, in future times as formerly, called the *Officini Gentium.*"*

Citizen of the World.

—

* Nursery of Nations.

—

A Frenchman, not very intimately acquainted with our language, assured a lady she had given him "the heart burn!"

MEDICAL CONSULTATION.

"For man's relief the healing art was given—
"A wise physician is the boon of heaven." POPE.

The following humorous scene between a learned, a cheap, a safe, a musical Doctor, and a literary Quack, took place in a town of the United States.

A drunken jockey having fell from his horse at a public review, was taken up senseless, and extended upon the long table of the tavern. He soon recovered his breath, and groaned most piteously.—As his head struck the ground first, it was apprehended, by some unacquainted with its solidity, that he had fractured his skull. The faculty hastened from all quarters to his assistance. The learned, scrupulous physician, after requesting that the doors and windows might be shut, approached the patient, and with a stately air declined giving his opinion, as he had, unfortunately, left at home his Pringle on Contusions.

The cheap Doctor immediately pronounced the wound a compound fracture, prescribed half a dose of crude opium, and called for the trepanning instruments. The safe Doctor proposed brown paper, dipped in rum, and cobwebs to staunch the blood. The popular physician or musical Doctor, told a jovial story, and then, relaxing his features, observed, that he viewed the groaning wretch as a monument of justice, and that he who spent his days in tormenting horses should now, by the agency of the same animal, be brought to death's door—an event which he thought ought to be sent home upon our minds by prayer. The Literary Quack, pressing through the crowd, begged that he might state the case to the company; and with an audible voice, thus began—The learned doctor *Nominativo-hoc-Caput*, in his Treatise on Brains, observes that the seat of the soul may be known from the affections of the man.—The residence of a wise man's soul is in his ears; a glutton's, in his palate; a gallant's, in his lips; an old maid's, in her tongue; a dancer's, in his toes; a drunkard's, in his throat. By the way, landlord, give us a button of sling. When we learned wish to know if a wound endangers life, we, consequently, inquire into the affections of the patient, and see if the wound injures the seat of the soul—if that escapes, however deep and ghastly the wound, we pronounce life in no danger. A horse-jockey's soul, gentlemen—I wish your healths—is in his heel, under the left spur. When I was pursuing my studies in the hospital, in England, I once saw seventeen horse-jockies, some of whom were noblemen, killed by the fall of a scaffold, in Newmarket, and wounded in the heel.—Twenty others, with their arms, backs and necks broken, survived. I saw one noble

jockey, with his *nominativo caret*, which is Greek for a nobleman's head, split entirely open. His brains run down his face, like the white of a broken egg; but, as his heel was unhurt, he survived, and his judgment in horses is said not to be the least impaired. Come—pull of the patient's boot, while I drink his better health. Charmed with the harangue, some of the spectators were about following his directions, when the other doctors interfered. They had heard him with disdainful impatience; and now each raised his voice to support his particular opinion, backed by his adherents. Bring the brown paper—compound fracture—cobwebs, I say—hand the trepanning instruments—give us some toddy, and pull off the boot—echoed from all quarters. The landlord forbade quarrelling in his house. The whole company rushed out to form a ring in the green for the medical professors, where they had a consultation of fisty cuffs.

The practitioner in sheep, horses, and cattle, poured a dose of urine and molasses down the patient's throat, who soon so happily recovered as to pursue his vocation, swap horses three times, play twenty rubbers of all fours, and get dead drunk again before sun-set.

PRIDE.

There is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itself under more disguises, than pride. For my own part, I think if there is any passion or vice which I am wholly a stranger to, it is this; though, at the same time, perhaps this very judgment which I form of myself, proceeds in some measure from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that sentence in holy writ, "Pride was not made for man." There is not indeed any single view of human nature under its present condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds of pride; and, on the the contray to sink the soul into the lowest state of humility, and what the school men call self annihilation.—*Guardian.*

A new edition of the works of that celebrated American patriot, Dr. Franklin, consisting of his life, by himself, together with his philosophical and other papers, will shortly be published, in periodical numbers, forming, when complete, two handsome volumes octavo.—*Lon. Mag.*

MERRIMACK HUMANE SOCIETY.

On Tuesday last was held at Washington Hall, the anniversary of the *Merrimack Humane Society*. The following officers were chosen for the year ensuing:—

MICAJAH SAWYER, M.B. President.
Hon. DUDLEY A. TYNG, Vice President.
EBENEZER STOCKER, Esq. Treasurer.
NATH'L BRADSTREET, M.B. Corres. Sec.
Mr. WILLIAM WOART, Rec. Secretary.
Rev. THOMAS CARY,
NATH'L SALTONSTALL, Esq.
SAMUEL NYE, Esq.
WILLIAM COOMBS, Esq.
Rev. ISAAC SMITH,
NICHOLAS JOHNSON, Esq.
Rev. DANIEL DANA,
Rev. SAMUEL SPRING,
Rev. JOHN ANDREWS,
Rev. JOSEPH DANA, D.D.
Rev. JAMES MORSS,
Rev. JONATHAN ALLEN,
} *Trustees.*

After the business of the day was dispatched, the Society moved in procession, preceded by a band of music, to the Rev. Mr. Andrews' meeting-house, where, after an appropriate Prayer, an Address, on the principles and designs of the institution, was delivered by *D. A. WHITE*, Esq. In this didactic and sound Discourse were faithfully delineated the principles of this humane institution.—It was drawn with a masterly hand, and expressed in that style which enforced it to the understanding by conclusive reasoning, rather than addressed to the imagination by the flowers of fancy. That benevolence which should actuate every member, was depicted in all its native beauty; urged by precedents drawn from the oracles of God; and happily applied to the various situations of man, in his relations with society. Mr. W's manner was no less pleasing than his matter was interesting; both concurring to yield that rich satisfaction which every auditor was ready to acknowledge. We suspend any remarks further than is impossible to withhold, in expectation that the public will shortly be gratified with the Address in print. [*Her.*

ODE TO HUMANITY,

Written for this Anniversary—by a Member of the Society.

Blest source of joy, benignant power,
Who lov'st the ills of life to cheer,
To Sorrow's cheek the rose restore,
And wipe Affliction's streaming tear;
Thy smiles disperse the gloom of care,
At thine approach flies stern Despair,
Pale want and fell disease their rage restrain,
And Death, dread tyrant, shakes his dart in vain.

Hark! from the shore what sounds arise!
Heard you the loud, the piercing cries?
See, stretch'd o'er yon untimely bier,
The victim of the waves appear.
See, see that little orphan band
With downcast eye and folded hand;
They grieve, they weep, for help in anguish call,
That corpse was once their fathers, hope—their all.

Oh! hear that agonizing sigh.
And is no aid nor comfort nigh?
From the dark mansion of the grave,
God of the waters! thou canst save.
Humanity bends o'er his frame,
Breathes in his lips the vital flame;
Faint throbs the heart, he moves, the mists decay,
The languid eye once more beholds the day.

Come, let us strike the trembling lyre,
Let solemn notes melodious roll,
Let gratitude the song inspire,
And love and joy inflame the soul.
When in relentless ocean's power
We saw, we heard, we breath'd no more;
Restor'd to life, to friends, to peace by thee,
We'll sing thy triumph, sweet Humanity.

LITERARY NOTICES,

[Of English Publications—the last year.]

"*Statement of Evidence from Trials by Inoculation from variolous and vaccine Matter,*" published by the physicians of the original Vaccine Pock Institution.—Statements of these trials were made expressly in consequence of Mr. Goldson's publication, and the evidence is now brought forward to allay the public anxiety on the subject. The experiments are most of them detailed at length, but we have only room to state the general result. These trials shew, "that above fifty persons who had been vaccinated from three to five years ago, and ten who had been vaccinated at a later period, were incapable of taking the small pox by inoculation, in circumstances chosen as most favorable for infection. For many of the subjects were exposed to the effluvia from small pox patients; they were all inoculated in three times the usual number of places; they were all inoculated with efficacious and recent matter, and with many of them unusual pains were bestowed to introduce the matter quite fluid, immediately from the variolous patient. In these it seems fair to calculate, that not more than one, or at most, two of these sixty persons, would have escaped the small pox, if they had not already gone through that disease, or its vicarious affection, the cow pock."

We are greatly indebted to Lord TEIGNMOUTH for the high gratification afforded by his "*Memoirs of the Life, Writings and Correspondence of* Sir WILLIAM JONES."

Of this unrivalled genius, this consummate scholar, and excellent man, who does not burn with impatience to learn every particular which is recorded of his early education, habits, manners, and pursuits? In our brief Retrospect of Domestic Literature, we should deem it to the last degree indecorous to attempt any sketch of the biographical narrative presented to us by the noble author of this volume. We will not be guilty of destroying any portion of the interest which a perusal of its contents must afford to every reader.

TO A PRODIGAL.

Thus saith philosophy, amid her lore,
None are so truly happy as the *poor*,
If so, thy favoring die of fortune's cast,
And, Tom, thy happiness increases fast.

POETRY.

ODE TO POPULARITY.

By R. CUMBERLAND, *Esq.*

O *Popularity*, thou giddy thing!
What grace or profit dost thou bring?
Thou art not honor, thou art not fame;
I cannot call thee by a worthy name.
To say I hate thee were not true;
Contempt is properly thy due;
I cannot love thee and despise thee too.

Thou art no patriot, but the veriest cheat
That ever traffick'd in deceit;
A state empiric bellowing loud
Freedom and phrenzy to the mobbing crowd;
And what can'st thou if thou can'st raise
Illuminations and huzzas,
Though half the city sunk in one bright blaze!

A patriot! no, for thou dost hold in hate
The very peace and welfare of the state;
When anarchy assaults the sovereign's throne,
Then is thy day, the night thy own;
Then is thy triumph, when the foe
Levels some dark insidious blow,
Or strong rebellion lays thy country low.

Thou canst affect humility, to hide
Some deep device of monstrous pride;
Conscience and charity pretend,
For compassing some private end;
And in a canting conventicle note
Long scripture passages canst quote
When persecution rankles in thy throat.

Thou hast no sense of nature at thy heart,
No ear for science, and no eye for art,
Yet confidently dost decide at once
This man a wit and that a dunce;
And (strange to tell!) howe'er unjust,
We take thy dictates upon trust.
For if the world will be deceiv'd, it must.

In truth and justice thou hast no delight,
Virtue thou dost not know by sight;
But, as the chemist by his skill,
From dross and dregs a spirit can distill,
So from the prisons, or the stews,
Bullies, blasphemers, cheats or Jews
Shall turn to heroes, if they serve thy views.

Thou dost but make a ladder of the mob,
Whereby to climb into some courtly job;
There safe reposing, warm and snug,
Thou answer'st with a patient shrug
Miscreants begone! who cares for you,
Ye base-born, bawling, clamorous crew;
You've serv'd my turn, and, vagabonds, adieu.

ON A WOMAN OF THE TOWN, Who was found dead in an open field.

UNHAPPY daughter of distress and woe,
What'er thy sorrows, and whoe'er thou art;
For thee, the tears of charity shall flow,
Warm from the purest fountain of the heart.

Perhaps, though now neglected and forlorn,
A parent once survey'd thee with delight;
The idol of a parent's heart alone,
Or the lov'd darling of a mother's sight.

For thee, perhaps, they toil'd, and watch'd and pray'd,
On thy sweet innocence with transport hung;
And well they thought their care for thee repay'd,
To hear the artless music of thy tongue.

When dawning reason shed her ray benign,
And all thy excellence became reveal'd,
How did they see thy opening virtues shine,
And hear thy praise with rapture ill conceal'd.

For who, alas! can tell thy secret worth,
What soft angelic virtues might appear;
The bosom defenceless on the earth,
Might only be grateful, generous and sincere.

Some base deceiver, practis'd to betray,
Might win thy easy faith, destroy thy fame,
Then cast thee like a loathsome weed away,
The sport of fortune, and the child of shame.

Poor wanderer! perhaps thou should'st not find
The liberal hand, the slender gift to spare;
Insatiate avarice the soul confin'd,
Or timid prudence disbelieve'd thy prayer.

Then from the world, neglected and forlorn,
Careless of life, and hopeless of relief;
Thy agonizing heart retir'd to mourn,
And breathe its last in unmolested grief.

Unhappy shade! whate'er thy lot has been,
From sin at least, and sorrow, thou art free:
Thy debt to nature now is fully paid,
And wounded pity pays her debt to me.

HENRY.

On some young Ladies expressing a surprize what pleasure there could be in Kisses.

Kisses the subject of debate,
What extacy they may create.
As the language of the heart,
Lips contribute to impart,
Men may gain the fair's affection,
While with these they have connection,
Lips rever'd by gentle touch,
May'nt avail the passion much;
But with mutual ardor press'd,
Warm affections are confess'd.

Eyes proclaim the heart's compliance,
Lips confirm a sure reliance,
Thus together lips and eyes
Yield to happy man the prize.

Ladies disprove me, if you can,
Proclaim the battle, I'm your man.

A. Z.

EPIGRAM.

My love and I for kisses play'd;
She would keep stakes; I was content;
But when I won, she would be paid;
I, angry, ask'd her what she meant?
Nay, since, quoth she, you wrangle thus in vain,
Give me my kisses back, take yours again.

Extract from the Journal of a Balloonist.

"Passing a cloud, I put out my head, and took a piece of it, and squeezed it like a sponge, and the water ran out. The sun went north about, but never set. At the distance of about fifty leagues above the earth, we saw a white bird sitting on the corner of a cloud. We took it to be one of Mahomet's pigeons. If we had had a gun we could have shot it. Passing by the moon, we saw a fellow selling land at auction. He wished us to give a bid; but we told him we had not come to buy lands in the *moon*. We came across a comet, but it was asleep. It looked like a tarapine, but had a tail like a fox.

We came near a hail bank; and filled a hat to bring down with us. The hail-stones were about as large as a pigeon's egg.

A thousand miles above the earth we passed through a field of turkey buzzards. This would seem to be their region, and accounts for the circumstance that no one has ever found a nest of one of these. These rookeries are out of sight in the atmosphere.

As we approached one of the heavenly bodies, it appeared like an island. We struck upon a planet—but Blanchard got out and pushed off the balloon. We supposed it to be Mercury, as we heard orators haranguing and a multitude of tongues.

There were marriages going on in Venus, and in Mars we heard the drums beat.

In Jupiter we heard swearing—Oh, Jupiter! By Jupiter! &c.

We meant to have a pull at one of Saturn's rings, but were blown off the coast, and found ourselves in the latitude of Herschel. Provisions failing, we thought proper to shape our course towards the earth again.

The first thing we saw was the forest of the Ardennes, which appeared like a shamrock. The Pyrenian mountains seemed like a bed of parsley; and the Atlantic ocean about as large as Loch Swilly.

Within about a furlong of the earth, Blanchard gave me the parachute, and I came down.

DISCRIMINATION.

The inhabitants of the earth may properly be ranged under the two general heads of gentlemen and mechanics. This distinction arises from the different occupations wherein they exert themselves. The former of these species is universally acknowledged to be more honorable than the other, who are looked upon as a base and inferior order of men. But if the world is in the right in this natural judgment, it is not generally so in the distribution of particular persons under their respective denominations. It is a clear settled point, that the gentleman should be preferred to the mechanic. But who is the gentleman and who the mechanic, wants to be explained. [*Guardian.*

FAME.

How few are there who are furnished with abilities sufficient to recommend their actions to the admiration of the world, and to distinguish themselves from the rest of mankind? Providence for the most part sets us upon a level, and observes a kind of proportion in its dispensations towards us. If it renders us perfect in one accomplishment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and seems careful rather of preserving every person from being mean and deficient in his qualifications, than of making any single one eminent or extraordinary. [*Spectator.*

Previous to the battle of Culloden, when Marshal Wade, and the two generals, Hawley and Cope, were prevented from advancing as far as they intended into Scotland, by the severity of the weather, the following ludicrous lines were handed about among the friends of the opposite party:

COPE could not *cope*, nor WADE *wade* through the snow
Nor HAWLEY *haul* his cannon to the foe.

A man of high mind and ancient principles, though lonely, though unassisted, though almost desponding in the combined efforts of the learning and virtue of the times, may still contribute something to stem the desolating diffusion of spurious principles.

A *melting* sermon being preached in a country church, all wept but one man;—on being asked why he did not cry with the rest, "Oh, (said he) *I belong to another parish.*"

NEWBURYPORT, (*Massachusetts,*)
PUBLISHED, SATURDAYS,
By WILLIAM B. ALLEN.
No. 7, *State-Street, (back of the Herald Office,)*
Price, 1 dollar 50 cents per ann.—Payable every third of a year, in advance.